

MERCURY.

Vol. I.

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No. 7.

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or statement expressed in any article that appears in this Magazine.

Santa Claus and the Christ Child.

“Do I really believe in Santa Claus?” Yes, I do, really. “Do I really think he has a furry coat and rides in a sleigh with reindeer, and comes down the chimney?”

Now, my dear, I think those are a great many questions to ask me at once; but I think if I were Santa Claus that is just the way I should come, because, you see, being Santa Claus, I should do everything to please the children, and there is no other way to come that pleases them so well. So—I think so—don't you?

“Did anyone ever see him?” There, my dear, now you are “warm”; you are near to the mystery of Santa Claus. Being of the Children's Hour and Lotus Circle, you know that you see some of the best and truest things without exactly looking at them. You *feel them*; or, as we say, you see them “with the mind's eye.” And Santa Claus! Why, he is merry and jolly and full of fun, and of course you feel him. He gets into your heart and into the heart of the world, and makes it loving and kind and happy. You stop in the eating of your best piece of candy and give it to some one. Santa Claus makes you do it; you can't help it. As to the big folks, why, he gets *them* completely. They *have* to do things for him. He sings a song right in their hearts, and they see all the bright eyes of the little children he tells them about, and they want to do something for them right away.

“What are his furry robes?” They are the warm, loving thoughts which show themselves in kind acts. There are no other robes in the world so warm as deeds of kindness.

“And the reindeer that go like the wind?” They are the feel-

ings of love that speed around the cold world. And he comes in his sleigh right down the black chimney—right through our black selfishness and meanness—and brings the gift of gladness which comes when selfishness goes away. Yes, I believe in Santa Claus, and the older I get the more I believe in him.

THE CHRIST CHILD.

Christmas and Santa Claus come together—that is sure. As we are glad when we plant a seed in the ground, because we have hope for the plant and the flower and the fruit that will come from it; so we are glad when the seeds of love are planted in our hearts, to grow and become beautiful blossoms and fruits in the life of the world. And that is what Christmas means to us. We call these loves a little child born of God—a sweet bud of promise in the manger of our selfish life—the Christ Child born of God. It comes into our hearts like a ray of sunshine from our Heavenly Father.

So Christmas time, with Santa Claus and all the good cheer and helpfulness of it, reminds us of this Christ Child, and we remember that all of the love and goodness in us springs from Him; so we stop loving ourselves so much, and love Him more and more; and this is where all of our happiness comes from.

There are some who do not see this part of the story, which is a very old one, and so they love a Christ Child outside of themselves, just as the children who do not see the real Santa Claus try to keep awake all night to see him come down the chimney.

You have learned that “symbols are pictures of real things,” and also that “if you have the symbol you may find the real thing.” Do you not hope that we shall keep awake all of the coming year to feel the “furry robes” of Santa Claus, and see the “reindeer” speeding out in loving thoughts to everyone? It is the Christ Child that is all of the good in the world. Wouldn’t it be a good thing to let Him have the world, and turn it all into goodness? What a great love-garden the world would be then!

Christmas day tells us that the seed is planted in our hearts, and if we watch it and care for it like good gardeners, it will grow, will it not? That is our part—to love, and do the deeds of love—and when our next Christmas day comes to remind us of Santa Claus and the Christ Child, we shall be a little more sure of the round, merry face, and warm “robes,” and swift “reindeer,” than ever before.

—*Lydia Bell.*

“I’m Sorry.”

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There is much that makes me sorry as I journey down earth’s way,
And I seem to see more pathos in poor human lives each day.
I’m sorry for the strong, brave men who shield the weak from harm,
But who in their own troubled hour find no protecting arm.

I’m sorry for the victors who have earned success, to stand
As targets for the arrows shot by envious failure’s hand;
And I’m sorry for the generous hearts who freely shared their wine,
But drink alone the gall of tears in fortune’s drear decline.

I’m sorry for the souls who build their own fame’s funeral pyre,
Derided by the scornful throng, like ice deriding fire.
And I’m sorry for the conquering ones who know not sin’s defeat,
But daily tread down fierce desire ’neath scorched and bleeding feet.

I’m sorry for the anguished hearts that break with passion’s strain.
But I’m sorrier for the poor starved souls that never know love’s pain,
Who hunger on through barren years, not tasting joys they crave;
For sadder far is such a lot than weeping o’er a grave.

I’m sorry for the souls that come unwelcomed into birth;
I’m sorry for the unloved old who cumber up the earth;
I’m sorry for the suffering poor in life’s great maelstrom hurled;—
In truth I’m sorry for them all who make this toiling world.

But underneath whate’er seems sad and is not understood,
I know there lies, hid from our sight, a mighty germ of good;
And this belief stands close by me, my sermon, motto, text—
The sorriest things in this life will seem grandest in the next.

“MOLY,” NOT “HOLLY”.

Our readers will please correct a mistake which crept into the December number. See the first article, “A Story of Many Puzzles.” It was a sprig of *moly* that Mercury gave to Ulysses. Moly symbolizes discrimination—that power which causes falsehood to unmask herself. It was a delicate blue flower—a wanderer from Paradise—and its possession saved Ulysses from the wiles of the enchantress.

The Energetic Ego.

A long time ago, a little Ego lived without any form in the Everywhere. But the little Ego wanted to find out ever so many things; so it became separated from its home and started out to get knowledge. The little Ego found itself in a big ocean, called Jiva, an ocean so big that there was no place in the whole universe which did not contain part of it.

The little Ego had a companion with it, and this companion was called Life, and was the little Ego's friend and helper. Life said, "I will take you into the mineral kingdom, and there you will have a form to work with; but you must always keep me with you or you will be lost."

So the little Ego went into the mineral kingdom, and found it a very beautiful place. There were colored stones and precious jewels, and strong rocks, and granite and metals. The little Ego went through all these minerals, finding out many interesting things. But there came a time when it reached the end of this kingdom.

Then Life said, "The mineral kingdom could give you no more knowledge; you have now reached the vegetable kingdom, which you yourself have helped to make, because you did all you could to learn while you were in the mineral kingdom."

The little Ego found the vegetable kingdom even more interesting than the mineral kingdom; for in the vegetable kingdom, little seeds that had fallen into the dark earth were always trying to get back again to the sunlight, and all the plants and trees enjoyed the fresh air and the gentle breeze.

The little Ego was a long time in this vegetable world before it came to the end. Then Life said, "You will now go to the animal kingdom. There you will have a form with senses. These senses will enable you to find the outside of things as well as you know the inside."

The little Ego enjoyed this kingdom very much. One of its forms in the animal kingdom was that of a dog, which was so kind and gentle that sometimes the little Ego was quite sure that the dog knew it was with him.

The little Ego went to rest for a while, and when it came back it lived in a very soft and pretty house which people called a baby.

This baby belonged to the human kingdom, and was really a little boy. People wondered why this boy wanted to play with stones and rocks and clay; why he loved to be out with the flowers and why he loved his little dog so very much.

You see little Energetic Ego, who lived within the boy, remembered all these things, and was trying to tell the boy about them; but of course the little boy did not know about the Energetic Ego until a long time after.

It happened this way: There was a kind man who loved children, and he had often wondered why the people did not know more about their own true selves—their Energetic Egos. So he said to himself, "I will write stories for little children to read, and they will find in these stories, if they look for it, all about their own inside selves—not about their bodies, but about their own Energetic Egos, who are trying so hard to tell them what is true and beautiful."

So the man wrote the stories. And it happened that a woman who read them thought, "These are just the thing for children; they will surely find out something here." So she told the stories to the little boy with the Energetic Ego, and the boy understood them. Then the little Ego was glad, because it knew now that it could go on growing and growing, so that it might help the boy whenever he needed help. The Ego and the boy became great friends, and when the boy grew up to be a man, he loved his own True Self, and the Ego became very strong, and was able to help the man many, many times. Sometimes, when the man was not strong enough, he would call upon the Ego to help him with its strength; and the Ego always helped.

By and by the man's body became sick, and the Ego could do no more work. So they agreed that the body should stay, to be part of the earth, and that the Ego should go to a place called Devachan for a while, so that it could think over all that had happened to it.

After a time, the Ego came back; but this time it made its home within a little girl. Oh, what a hard time Energetic Ego had! Little girls had been so spoiled, and had never been given the slightest chance to find out about their own True Selves. People did not mind about little boys being what they called "queer" sometimes, but for a little girl to be queer was dreadful. Sometimes Energetic Ego would say, "How can I do any work

for this little girl, when she is always reading silly books, and wearing light clothes, and getting her body into such a condition that it is as much as I can do to remain with her at all." Of course, all this taught the little Ego to be very patient.

But scarlet fever made the poor little girl so ill, that she had to go away without ever knowing, perhaps, about the beautiful little angel she had been carrying around with her all the time.

After that, the Ego lived sometimes in women, and sometimes in men, always trying to help them, and always growing stronger, until at last it made a home for itself which was a beautiful one. This home was with a man who knew Energetic Ego so well that they seemed like one. In fact, they *were* one. Life now said to the Ego, "You have done well; you have earned rest and peace; I will take you to Nirvana, where you will always be happy."

Energetic Ego hesitated for a moment, and then said, "No, I will stay here and help others with the knowledge I have gained. How selfish if, after all my striving, I should just take rest for myself, when perhaps others need me. I will remain with human beings, and endeavor to show them the true way to find me in themselves."

The Ego stayed. And all the people said, "A Master is with us."

E. M. H.

Wise Sayings.

I know that great Spirit of sun-like lustre beyond the darkness. A man who knows him truly passes over death; there is no other path to go.

The real treasure is that laid up through charity and piety, temperance and self control. The treasure thus hid is secure and passes not away. Though he leaves the fleeting riches of the world, this a man carries with him—a treasure that no wrong of others and no thief can steal.

—*Nidhikanda Sutta.*

God is not to be obtained by Vedic sayings, or by remembrance of what is learned about Him. He only whom He accepteth can obtain Him; to his soul doth He reveal His nature.

—*Katho-Upanishad.*

The Lord existeth through himself, out of whom and through whom all things were and are and will be.

—*Hindu Shastra.*

What The Symbols Say.

Now we come to the meaning of the interlaced triangles—one white, one black. These simple lines tell, or try to tell, the story of Creation; of how the “One became the many.”

Think of all the problems you can work—yes, and that all the people in the world can work—with the help of the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. Imagine, if you can, all the volumes of arithmetic that might be filled with such problems—mountain piles, awful to contemplate. Then you will have some idea of the meaning of “One becomes the many.” And, as all these problems may be comprehended in a few simple rules, so all these differences may be expressed in these triangles within the circle.

First, we must clearly understand what a triangle is, how it is formed; in a word, all about it. This word “understand” asks for a little attention. We to-day understand but little, for “understand” means to “stand under;” to get at the very root of a thing; more, it means to get below even the root—to *stand under*. There is a great thought here. Suppose we try to follow it both at school and at home. Suppose we try to get under ideas; to really understand what we are about, what we learn, what we are; and above all, suppose we try to understand a little—just a little—of the Wisdom known as Theosophy. Then we should be wise indeed.

We will begin with the triangle. It is formed of two diverging lines, beginning in a point, called the apex, and united by a third line called the base. In the white triangle, the apex, or beginning point, touches the little Swastika circle that you see in the upper part of the serpent circle. The meaning of this circle will be studied after that of the triangle. This position of the apex pictures the “One,” the Word, or Logos. Let us call it Atma. From this One, or this Atma, emerge the Great Parents—Mother Substance and Father Spirit; while the line uniting them—the base of the triangle—is their marvelous child, Fohat.

You have certainly read “Fohat’s Playground” in the “Wonder Light,” that very pretty story that makes one well acquainted with the ever-busy architect and builder, Fohat. Fohat it is who gathers up the star-dust scattered throughout space, and builds it into the beautiful stars that talk to us so lovingly during the night.

It was he who formed our own bright Sun, whose glory delights us day by day, and from whom we derive life and energy.

So the white triangle pictures Mother Substance, Father Spirit, and electric-winged Fohat, their child. Hence, it is the Trinity, that symbol by which so many great religions have tried to tell the secret of "the Creation."

Growing out of the white triangle is its dark reflection, or image; its own thought crystallized into a world that we can see and feel. Here, also, is a point, or apex. Let us call it Kama. From Kama emerge two forces or two lines—great parents also—Mother Matter and Father Breath. These parents unite in their child, Nature, the form-fashioner and life-weaver. Beautiful Nature, how we love her! Yet how little we know of her and her work! Yet, it is through a close acquaintance with her that we shall get to know her parents and Fohat. For is not Nature the union of Matter and Breath, and in herself the reflection of Fohat, the wonderful?

As above we find Atma, then Substance, Spirit and Fohat; so below behold Matter and Breath (or energy), producing Nature.

Notice that in the lower triangle the point is reversed. It is the farthest point from the Atma apex, and yet it is its counterpart, its reflection, its correspondence. Is it so placed merely to make a pretty figure, or is there a meaning in this reversal? Have you ever noted the reflection of objects (say of trees) in the water? Do the trees seem to grow up or grow down? Look at your own reflection in the water. Is the form of your head mirrored near the surface, or down, far down, in the water? In all reflections the highest point becomes the lowest. *Such is the law*, and very great is the lesson thereof.

In the space made by the interlacement of the triangles—that space which includes both the white and the black, the real and the reflected—there stands a cross. Its form is somewhat different from the Christian cross so familiar to us, for it is the Egyptian cross, or "Tau", and symbolizes *Man*; while the Christian cross represents triumph through suffering—the triumph of soul over sense pleasure.

But the cross of the banner pictures you and me, dear young friends, and all the men and women that make up our world. We all combine the white and the black triangles—the real and the reflected. Our bodies, and all our wants, fears and appetites, are

of the dark triangle—Kama, matter, breath, Nature; while the thinking you and I, that part of us which turns away from anger, from untruth, from selfish loving and getting, from foolish pleasure seeking—that part of us which longs to know, which seeks a broader clearer vision—that something in us and of us which turns ever sunward and starward, and feels a kinship with the eternal fires of heaven's blue deep—that *something* is born of Atma, Substance and Spirit, and is a brother of Fohat. Through its power, we learn the great mystery of the Tau. We learn that Man is a universe within a universe. "Man, know thyself; then thou wilt know all things from the stone to God."

These symbols are all contained within a circle, formed of a serpent biting its tail. At the junction of head and tail, behold a very small circle, placed in such a way that the serpent seems to issue from it and to return to it. That small circle pictures the "Eternal That," in whom the suns live, move and have their being; "That," whose breath is Space; and all things contained in Space are but ripples of that breath.

"All things are contained in Me; not I in them."

This All-being—the Wisdom Religion's idea of God—is farther removed from our understanding—or, as Theosophists say, from our consciousness—than the most distant star in the depths of space is from our body. Hence, All-Being is pictured as very small. Distant objects, no matter how large in themselves, appear small to our eyes; while a ten-cent piece, held close to the eye, will shut from our sight a huge cathedral.

Within the small circle is a cross, hooked at the points. This cross is called, in Sanscrit, "Swastica." It expresses the idea of motion—perpetual, revolving motion—and it symbolizes the power of the Great Breath. The outbreathing and inbreathing of the Great Breath, those pulsations which have beginning and end, the cycles of time, of evolution, and of becoming, are expressed by the serpent circle.

The serpent, perhaps more than any other earth-born creature, expresses in itself the idea of motion, of spiral motion, of subtle, silent power, and of susceptibility to musical tones. Now, all these characteristics are shadows of elements in the Outbreath of Eternal Breath. So there is some reason why the serpent should be chosen as a symbol for that cycle which we call Manvantara, or Time-period.

Thus we find that the symbol of the Theosophical Society tells the history of Creation, the secret of life, and man's place and part in Nature.

First and always, All-Being.

Second, The outbreathing of All-Being, forming a Time-period or Manvantara.

Third, Spirit-Substance.

Fourth, Fohat.

Fifth, Matter and Breath.

Sixth, Nature.

Seventh, Man.

It is difficult to "understand" all this, much less to comprehend it. The Banner seemed to know this fact, for it stopped with a sigh, saying, "Enough. That will do for a beginning, although you have scarcely grasped my meaning. Tell our young people to study me carefully, and, as they grow in love and kindness and knowledge, they will understand better and better the meaning of Life and my secrets, and their Wisdom will give light to all."

"Only by soul itself

Is soul perceived—when the soul wills it so."

Marie A. Walsh.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;

Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;

Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,

And find a harvest home of light.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will ; and blessed are the horny hands of toil.—*Lowell.*

Time is of no account with great thoughts, which are as fresh to-day as when they first passed through their authors' minds ages ago.

"A very wise man once said that when he began to feel too important he got a map of the universe and tried to find himself on it."

"Plant a crop of good books in your home as regularly as you do seed in your soil, and when you get old you will not regret it."

Application is the price to be paid for mental acquisition. To have the harvest, we must sow the seed.

—*Bailey.*

The Sentinel.

NEW YORK CITY.

On December 30, the children of the New York Lotus Circle gave an entertainment for the benefit of their papas, mammas, brothers, sisters and friends. There were a good many strangers present, and the Superintendent explained to them before the entertainment began what the Lotus Circle was and what the children had been doing during the year. The first thing on the programme was a piano duet by two little girls. One was about ten years old and the other thirteen. They played very nicely and everybody applauded. Then followed a Wisdom Play.

This was borrowed from the California Sunday School, and perhaps that was why everybody said it was so pretty. It represented the One Truth in its many guises. Wisdom, or Theosophy, was represented by a Miss dressed in white, and one by one she called to the platform her children to tell what truths they had learned. Her children represented the different religions and religious teachers of the world, and each carried a pretty silk banner symbolizing their particular religion. After that there was a song "Millions of Bright Raindrops," by the Lotus Circle, and then another rainbow song by seven little members of the Lotus Circle, each of the seven dressed in a different color, so that they really looked almost like a rainbow. In fact, some of the audience liked it better than a genuine rainbow, because *this* rainbow sang and rainbows in the sky don't. It seems that California is a good place for ideas for Lotus Circles, for part of this rainbow play was taken from suggestions in MERCURY. But then California needn't think that all Lotus ideas grow there, for the next number on the programme was just as cute as it could be, and it was thought out by a Brooklyn lady who never was in California in her life. It was called the "New Year." A little boy dressed up in fine silk clothes with tiny bells all over them knocked on the door from the outside and when the Lotus Circle heard him the children cried out together, "Come in." He tripped up to the platform, and the children asked in chorus, "Who are you?" "I'm the happy New Year," he replied. "What Year?" he was asked. "I'm 1895," he answered. Then the music started

up, and he tripped down the aisle fluttering his arms like wings till he got to the end of the room. On the way back he distributed good wishes and love to the audience. The big folks liked this so well that they clapped their hands till it was repeated. There was singing of Lotus songs and then Mr. Judge took the platform to tell the children some stories about birds, bees and flowers. They were very nice, and it is too bad the Lotus Children in California and other places couldn't have been there to have heard them. One thing he told them was that instead of killing flies and ants and other insects, the children should be kind to them and watch them, for insects and animals are very wise, and although they can't talk to children they can teach them a good deal if the children will watch them. Mr. Judge is a large man and very wise, but even he studies insects and animals and they tell him a good many things.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The Columbus T. S. organized a Lotus Circle last October which has met with very encouraging success, the membership having doubled since that time. We now have about twenty children. We meet at the house of one of the members, and the children are divided, according to their age, into three classes. We have a number of songs with appropriate music, the *MERCURY* is read each month, and the children have taken great interest and pleasure in the work. On Friday evening, Dec. 21st, 1894, they gave an entertainment consisting of a play called "A Vision of Santa Claus," written by one of the Branch members, which was a great success, and reflected great credit on the young performers. Ten of the little ladies and gentlemen represented the ten great nations of the earth—India, China, Japan, Persia, Judea, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, Europe and America—and passed in review before "Santa Claus," each one telling in a short speech the religious teaching of the nation he represented. The ideas conveyed were that India was the mother of all nations, that the same teachings underlie all religions, and that in America will be found the true Brotherhood of Religions. The children were dressed in the exact costumes of the nations represented and carried banners appropriately inscribed, forming a brilliant tableau.

I am the cause—I am the production and dissolution of the whole of nature.

—*Bhagavad Gita.*

Meetings and Classes.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Children's Hour, or Lotus Circle, meets every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, at Rooms 5 and 6, Mercantile Library Building. All children are invited.

The H. P. B. Training Class meets every Friday evening at Rooms 5 and 6, Mercantile Library Building.

Free public lectures are given every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., at Red Men's Hall, 320 Post St. Strangers and inquirers earnestly invited.

OAKLAND, CAL.

"The Children's Hour" meets every Sunday at Hamilton Hall, corner 13th and Jefferson Streets, at 2 P. M.

Free public lectures on Theosophical subjects every Sunday at 8 P. M., at Hamilton Hall, corner 13th and Jefferson Streets.

The Children's Corner.

[This column will be devoted to questions and answers from children on Theosophical Subjects, which answers will be published with the initials of the sender.]

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

Q.—Do stones have souls?

A.—Yes, stones do have souls; but they are latent or asleep, and in time will evolve to consciousness. S. D.

Q.—What is Magic?

A.—Magic in its true sense is Wisdom. It is the mysterious operation of laws not generally understood. A. G. D.

Q.—Who was Krishna and what did he do?

A.—Krishna was a god in the Indian religion, and he commanded Arjuna in a great war. Krishna represents the Higher Self and Arjuna represents the lower self. R. L.

Q.—What is mind?

A.—Mind is intelligence; it is the thinking part of man; Manas. M. B.

Q.—How many religions has China, and by whom were they founded?

A.—Three; Buddhism, founded by Buddha; Confucianism, founded by Confucius; and Taoism, founded by Lao-Tze.

E. D.

The following questions have been received from children of the different Lotus Circles:

32.—What is Karma?

33.—What is life and what is death?

34.—What is the meaning of the seven stars around the head of the picture of Mercury in last number?

35.—What is the cause of pain?

36.—What is Divine Wisdom?

37.—Who were the founders of the Theosophical Society?

Puzzle Department.

[Send answers to Puzzle Department, MERCURY, Rooms 5 and 6, Mercantile Library Building.]

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

15. There is no religion higher than truth.

16. Earnestness. 17. Sole.

18. Heron, hero, her, he.

19. TRANSPOSITION.

John Joseph held an office

Which was said to be a *one*;

And so it was, for 'tis a fact

No work he'd ever done.

But one bright morn a lady came,

And asked the work to do;

And ever since young Joseph

Has been feeling rather *two*.

20. NUMERICAL.

The 1 to 8 declares of late,

That winter draweth nigh;

That frost and snow (with want and woe)

Are coming by and by.

It seems to me I'd rather 3,
 4, 5, 6 than to borrow,
 The last, you know—and truly so—
 Is a good rhyme for sorrow.
 7—1, 2, 8 for rank and state
 Should have a coat of arms;
 That all may dream, who catch the gleam,
 Of rankship's golden charms.

21. DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A verb. 3. Life. 4. To close. 5.
 A vowel.

22. SQUARE.

1. Desire. 2. A boy's name. 3. A sacred mountain.
 4. A substance used by chemists.

"Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company
 and reflection finish him."

"Gratitude flows easily for things received. It is harder to
 give thanks for that withheld."

The man who becomes a critic by trade ceases in reality to be
 one at all.

It is easy to assume a habit; but when you try to cast it off, it
 will take skin and all.

Oh, well for him whose will is strong;
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.

—Tennyson.

The bearer of ill-will towards them that bear ill-will can never
 become pure; but he who bears no ill-will pacifies them that hate.

—Udanavarga.

Trust is the best of relationships.

—Dhammapada.

Nothing is easier than to form the mind while young; nothing
 is more difficult than to eradicate vices that have grown up with
 us.

—Seneca.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.

Occupation is the necessary basis of all enjoyment.

Reviews.

THEOSOPHIST. (Dec.)

Chapter III in the *Oriental Series of Diary Leaves* gives a vivid description of the life led in India, and relates the extraordinary imagery possessed by H. P. B., as exhibited in the "Caves and Jungles of Hindoostan," from what they had witnessed, which served as a basis for one of the most wonderful narratives ever made known.

Mrs. Besant's tour in Australia and New Zealand is commented upon, the reports giving unstinted praise for the good and noble work done in the cause of Theosophy.

The "Mahatma Quest" should be read and digested by every student. The vanity and intense curiosity of so many people has made the very word the butt of ridicule. To search for them is fruitless, to work for them draws us nearer to them.

"Vivikanada's Appeal" is characteristic of the man. The salvation of India lies in the devotion of her sons and daughters to the spirit of religion and not to external forms.

Other articles are continued.

LUCIFER. (Nov.)

"The Watchman of the Tower" criticises the eminent orientalist, Max Muller, for dragging Mr. Sinnett and Madame Blavatsky in, by way of illustration, in order to dispose of Mr. Novotich's claims, while Mr. Stead is praised for his fairness in an article on H. P. B., in "Borderland."

"The Mystery of Existence" is like all of the author's contributions—very readable—but existence still remains very mysterious.

"Conditions of True Union" is timely. If in union there is strength, the harmony within must be retained.

Several articles in this number are begun and to be continued.

PATH. (Dec.)

The readers of the "Path" are highly favored by having the letters of the most wonderful personage of this century, H. P. B., set before them. The first installment is given in this number and to be continued until they are all published.

"Theosophical Dont's" are very good, and especially the last: "Don't fail to exercise your common sense on all and every occasion."

"Conversations on Occultism" are continued, and it will repay the student to read them carefully.

"On the Screen of Time" is interesting reading. A loving spirit is breathed in the last paragraphs. May we live and work on, heedless of seeming follies.

The literary notes, a great feature of the "Path," are excellent.

Our readers and contributors will please note that the new address of MERCURY is Rooms 5 and 6, Mercantile Library Building, San Francisco, Cal.